PREVIOUSLY

BULLSEYE GREATEST HITS

When Bullseye kills, he kills with style.

Ever since his first act of murder–committed while standing on the pitcher's mound, hurling his first professional baseball game–Bullseye has been in love with the spectacle of murder much more than the act.

A long and sordid career path ensued, only to end unceremoniously when a seizure brought on by a recurrent brain tumor landed Bullseye here: A maximum security facility three stories beneath the earth, where he is being grilled by Special Agents Baldry and Hoskins of the NSA on his latest criminal act. He has smuggled and hidden live nuclear warheads inside of the United States' borders.

The housings of the nuclear warheads that Bullseye had hijacked have turned up in a playground in Idaho, but unfortunately, the plutonium (the most lucrative–and lethal–part of the missile) is still missing.

Baldry and Hoskins need to know the whereabouts of the plutonium–and they need to know now–because they know that Bullseye wouldn't spend so much time and effort on this caper unless the payoff was both spectacular and extremely brutal. To this end, Baldry, an experienced negotiator, has decided, much to the chagrin of his more traditional-minded partner, to use his prisoner's egomania against him. Skirting the issue of the missing plutonium, Baldry has instead steered the line of questioning toward more personal matters in hopes of getting Bullseye to tip his hand out of frustration.

Bullseye wants to talk about how he has played everyone for suckers, not about how his father abused him or how he was forced into government service.

And he definitely doesn't want to talk about what happened in Nicaragua.

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WE NEED SOME ANSWERS SOON, AGENT HOSKINS...THE CHIEFS ARE VERY INSISTENT ON THIS POINT. IF AGENT BALDRY CAN'T--
IF AGENT BALDRY CAN'T, I WILL.
THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY.
WHAT...?
I BELIEVE HE'S ALMOST FINISHED...
...INSTEAD OF A TOILET, I GOT THIS LITTLE HOLE IN THE FLOOR--WHICH COULD BE A PROBLEM, EXCEPT THEY GOT ME ON A LIQUID DIET...AND A LOTTA LAXATIVES.
SEE, THEY'RE AFRAID THAT IF I HAVE A SOLID BOWEL MOVEMENT, I MIGHT JUST KILL SOMEBODY WITH IT.
FWHOOOOOSSHH
AND I WOULD, TOO ...
...IF FOR NO OTHER REASON THAN JUST TO SAY THAT I DID.
BECAUSE I'M LIKE THAT.
YOU'RE VERY CONFIDENT IN YOUR ABILITIES, AREN'T YOU?
I GOT EVERY REASON TO BE.
INDEED... AND HOW WELL DID THIS CONFIDENCE SERVE YOU IN NICARAGUA?
...WHAT?
IN NICARAGUA.
WHAT WERE YOU DOING THERE, ANYWAY?

Seven Hours Later.
WE'RE IN BUSINESS.
"WE TOOK CONTROL OF THE STRIP WITHOUT MUCH OF A PROBLEM."
SEÑOR, HALF THE MEN-- DEAD!
JUST THE STUPID HALF...
...THE SMART ONES ARE STILL ALIVE.
LIKE YOU, PAOLO-- YOU'RE PRETTY SMART...
I... YES...?
THAT'S RIGHT...YOU ARE.
THAT'S WHY I'M PUTTING YOU IN CHARGE.
"AFTER THAT, IT WAS JUST A MATTER OF LETTING EVERYBODY KNOW WHO WAS IN CHARGE."

I HAD BOTTLENECKED THE COCAINE FLOW INTO THE U.S.--IF YOU WANTED BACK IN, YOU HAD TO CUT A DEAL.
WITH ME.
YOU ALSO MUST'VE DEALT WITH THE SUPPLIERS, THOUGH, RIGHT? WITH THE COLOMBIANS?
NOPE... DIDN'T HAVE TO.
THIS WASN'T A LONG-TERM SCAM...I WAS GONNA UNLOAD WHAT I HAD--CHEAP--THEN JET.
THE COLOMBIANS STOPPED SENDING PLANES AS SOON AS THEY FOUND OUT THEY HAD LOST CONTROL OF THE STRIP...IT'D TAKE WEEKS FOR 'EM TO FIND A NEW ROUTE. BY THEN, I'D BE LONG GONE.
AND TO MINIMIZE MY EXPOSURE I WAS USING THIS PUNK NATIVE AS A CUTOUT, RUNNING EVERYTHING THROUGH HIM. IT WAS BEAUTIFUL.
I SET UP A MEET ON MY TURF AND EVERYONE WAS TOLD TO BRING CASH--THIS WAS A ONE-TIME-ONLY SALE.
ALL THE MAJOR PLAYERS SHOWED UP EXCEPT THE YAKUZA.
THEY GOT SHOT DOWN OVER THE JUNGLE.
BY THE SANDINISTAS?

"ONCE WE HAD ALL THE BUYERS TOGETHER, I PLAYED RIGHT-HAND MAN AN' DID ALL THE TALKING."
"BECAUSE YOU WANTED TO MAKE THEM SQUIRM BEFORE YOU KILLED THEM AND STOLE THEIR MONEY?"
"NAH...'CAUSE MY CUT-OUT WAS A JACKASS."
HEEEE-HAAAAWW!
HEEEE-HAAAAWW
GET RID...OF THE PONKEY.
QUE?

FWAKK!
KRAK!
GAAAH!!
HURTS, DON'T IT?